



Wonder



first wonder dystopia

👁 454 ✓ 54 ★ 60

Chapter 1 by Jessica A Smith

The alarm rang for the third time and I trudged back towards our bedroom to wake up Ryland. I didn't need the alarm; the construction had begun at 6am, like clockwork, and that was enough to stir me out of bed...but not Ryland. After nine years, he and most other people had gotten pretty used to it and that was good since it seemed to have no end. Buildings were constantly being torn down to build new, better buildings. Forests were being destroyed to plant more oxygen-efficient trees. As soon as something new was finished, there was something better ready to replace it. Sometimes it felt like technology was moving too fast for it's own good but, then again, it wasn't my place to think about such things.

In the bedroom, I found the bed had already made itself and Ryland had been showered and dressed.

"That was fast, especially for you," I joked.

He blushed. "Good morning to you too, my Wonder."

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"Here," I said matter-of-factly, composing myself and handing him the letter I'd received earlier in the morning.

"What's this?"

"They're demolishing this entire street next week; It's an evacuation notice."

Chapter 2 by Issa alSaleh



Ryland stared at me blankly for a moment, and then began to laugh. It took me some time to realise that he thought I was kidding. I grabbed his arm and felt a shiver go down my spine at the closeness of him. Steeling myself, I met his eyes, and repeated my warning. His eyes...I found myself riveted, caught in his piercing blue gaze. He was looking at me now, all pretence of mirth gone.

"Wonder...are you sure? Why would they...oh." he trailed off into silence, realisation dawning on his face

I gestured toward the envelope hanging loosely in his hands, inviting him to read it.

Chapter 3 by Michael Gordon



He looked me in the eyes, I could tell he was nervous.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I-its nothing."

He got very silent. He looked like he was hiding something. I really didn't want to pry but I needed to know what was inside that envelope.

I looked at him and smiled. It was obvious that he liked me, which made me very curious why he would attempt to hide something even though we technically live together.

He walked up very close to me, his face turned bright red.

"What are you doing?" I asked, slowly.

He didn't say anything.

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Before I knew it, his lips were hovering close to mine and I knew where this was going. I wanted to resist, but I just couldn't. It was very weird and uncomfortable, yet it felt so satisfying. What is going on with me?

He took a step back and then looked at me with a concerned face.

"Thank you." He said.

"For what?"

"For this..."

He handed me the letter.

I opened the envelope and removed the crisp piece of paper that sat inside. He took a step back.

"Roland,

Reset sequence initiating.

Necessary information received.

Subject: 'Jessica' found guilty.

Leave at once."

"What the hel-"

I looked up, he was gone.

Moments later there was a pounding at my door.

"THIS IS THE POLICE, OPEN THE DOOR NOW!!"

Chapter 4 by Harlander



I blinked hard, as if the stark words on the page would rearrange themselves. No luck. It was all there in black and white.

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"Subject: Jessica found guilty."

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The legal system was just one more thing that had been torn down and replaced with something more 'efficient'. Courtrooms and jail cells took up space that could be used much more profitably, and having plaintiffs appear in person for trial was a waste of floor space. Much more convenient to try them in abstentia and render sentence immediately.

"Open the door or we'll break it down!" the voice from outside bellowed. I leaned over and touched the control. Bad enough to have the police stomping about without having to pay for a new door into the bargain. A squad of black-armoured police rushed into the room and took up positions at the corners, their weapons tracking me. One of them wasn't wearing the same full helmet as the others. He looked at me with hard eyes, and squinted at me, the obvious sign of an augmented looking something up in the civic database, and rattled off a stream of bureaucratic legalese.

"Citizen 3826447, your housemate, Citizen 3773832, Jessica Schulz-Bertram, has been found guilty under the Streamlined Evaluation Process as established in Civic Order 5-GXQ-2 of level 3 conspiracy to hinder progress. Before you respond, remember that failure to cooperate with the capture of a fugitive is itself a level 2 offence."

He paused, before speaking again, in a much more conversational tone. "So, Wonder. Where is Jessica?"

Chapter 5 by Harlander



"I don't know," I said. It was true. It'd been a couple of days since any of us had last seen her. I told the officer as much, and he quizzed me about what I did know of Jessica's movements.

She'd not given any of us cause to think there was something strange going on in her life. She was a workaholic, spending as much as six hours a week at her job. She was a gardener, an artist in landscape and life. She always seemed happy, energetic.

"We'd like to take a look at her room," the officer said. "If you don't mind." Of course they were going to take a look whether I agreed or not. but some officers still liked the old ideas of

politeness.

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Jessica's room was at the end of the hallway, a small room with a bed, a desk, and a window with flowering vines growing outside. It was a little messy, but it was hers. Inside the room, there was a small table with a chair, and a small desk with a chair. The room was a little messy, but it was hers.

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room was filled with pot plants, and the wallscreens covered with sketches of landscapes, unusual plants, and all the other things that fascinated Jessica.

"Ah. Yes," the officer said, and pointed towards...

Chapter 6 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)



a yellow flower that had red spots dotting its petals. It had a strong odor, as the police put their gas masks on and began to contaminate the plant.

"You need to leave," a small police officer said to me.

"But I need to know what's going on," I whined.

"No, you have to leave. It's too dangerous for a civilian."

I was ushered down the stairs and out the door.

Chapter 7 by Isaiah Alston



None of this had made any sense. Why was any of this happening? What had Jessica done? I guess it didn't matter. What mattered is I had to find her before the police did. I also had to find Roland. Where had he gone all of a sudden leaving me there like that at the mercy of the police.

I had often heard scary rumors about the police, and everyone especially knew what they did to escaped convicts.

"Get off me" I yell at the guard escorting me out of the flat, finally sick of him touching me. I elbow him in the gut. "Get off"

"Ow stop" the guard replied, wait no not the guard, Jessica.

"What are you-"

She put her hand over my mouth and pulled me into the nearby alley where Roland was waiting. His eyes widened with th

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"Hello Wonder" said Jess

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in her stomach,

"Sorry" I said noticing the grimace growing on her face.

"Its fine" she replied.

Now my attention was wholly on Roland.

"You idiot" I yell "Where did you even go and why did you leave me...How did you leave me"

He hesitated. So many things did not make sense. What had Jessica done? She was with me pretty much all of last week. My head started to hurt. The streetlight above burst.

"I thought you liked me, so how could you leave me like that I was so scared"

Soon the whole row of streetlights went out. I didn't care. My heart was pounding in my head. This pain. This unbearable pain. My knees buckle beneath me and I sit on the heels of my feet. Screaming. I know I shouldn't be but I don't care. The police could find me for all I care and put a bullet in my aching head while they're at it. It felt like my head was getting bashed against concrete. No I think that would have felt better than this head ache right now. Then total darkness. All the streetlights had went out, houselights, car lights. Everything. Time seemed to have fast forwarded because the sky had went from a beautiful sea green with swirls of white. To a sky of black. Then total euphoria.

Chapter 8 by Isaiah Alston



I wake up in a white room that has a huge window to my right. The feeling of euphoria had long since left me I had often wondered what happened when I got those headaches like that. That blackout was unexpected. Although blackouts often occurred when I got headaches. I wonder.

"You Okay" said a voice I did not recognize.

I sat up in bed bad idea. I felt something coming up my throat. Then in my mouth. I was going to be sick.

"Let me check your temperature" said the voice. I tried to wave him away. He didn't get the hint.

As he walked up to my bed I opened my mouth under the pressure. The puke went pretty much straight into his face.

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When I finally feel well enough to eat. I reach for the bell that the boy left at my bedside when I needed help. I hoist myself up off of the bed. When I finally get to my feet. I walk over to the window. It has stained glass, I can't see much through it.

I go outside to look for Jessica. That was when I saw it. When I saw Roland flash across the room in the blink of an eye. Almost as if he were teleporting.

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